

ARTICLE APPEARED
ON PAGE C-1

WASHINGTON STAR
12 JULY 1981

THE EAR

SCOOPS DU JOUR . . .



Even the Heavies of the Hamptons were stirred by the sweet sight: There stood Bill Simon, big-time moneybags and one-time

TreasurySec, tete-a-tete with Bill Casey, CIAmeister, at the superswank Maidstone Club in East Hampton. The duo were barefoot on the beach. Each was happily lapping an ice-cream cone. "You can't beat the Simple Things," breathed one Wordly One, hurling his margarita into the waves. How terribly true: Well, you *can* mix them up with the Complicated Things, and have it all. But it doesn't *always* work out. Read on.

POOPS DU JOUR . . . Ear

apologizes for the lateness of this Item. But here's local morsel on poor dead Guy Burgess, *tres gai* British superspy of yore. Elderly Earwigs will recall that Guy was sent home to London as "unsuitable" after a spin in Washington. (Next thing you knew, he'd tiptoed off to Moscow and left a dreadful mess behind. That was back in '51.) While toiling away at the British Embassy here and being a closet KGBer, though, he'd hurled himself into the Washington Social Swim. One snippet that's just popped up in the FBI files: Guy applied for membership in the Utterly Upper-Crust Metropolitan Club here. The long Checking-Out made him antsy. He withdrew his name. Finally, he flounced over to the funky old National Press Club to join up *there*. By the time they got round to shouting "Okay!" he'd bolted. "He might have been a Different Person, at the Metropolitan," sighs one member. "Everyone else is." Ear has been thinking about this for some time, and still can't figure it out.